

# Newport Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I., JUNE 22, 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,759.

The Newport Mercury,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1765, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with the exception of a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed English language. It is largely four pages, of six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, with some literary and valuable information about household departments. It is so many households in this and other countries that limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Subscription \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Extra copies can always be had at the office of the Mercury and at various news rooms in the city.

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Editor Occupying Mercury Hall.

Editor Council No. 31, Under United

American Mechanics, Edward M. Gladstone,

Editor; James E. Mathewson, Record-

Secretary, meets every Monday evening,

about noon No. 49, L. O. O. F., Quo-

tient, Noble Grand; Herbert A. Knott,

treasurer; meets every Thursday evening,

about noon No. 30, N. E. O. P., Rich-

ard Scott, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secre-

tary; meets last and 3d Wednesday even-

ings month.

Supervisor Horticultural Society,

new Nathan, President; Alexander Mc-

Lean, Secretary; meets 3d and 4th Wed-

nesdays evenings of each month.

Editor No. 7, A. O. U. W., Geo. H.

Wood, Master Workman; Geo. A. Pritch-

ett, Recorder; meets 1st and 3d Thursday even-

ings month.

Editor No. 33, K. of H., Dick-

son, Samuel Cook, Reporter, C. H. Chase;

meets 3d and 4th Thursday evenings.

Editor No. 11, K. of P., John

Kel, Chancellor Commandant; Daniel P.

Miller, Keeper of Records and Books; meets

Friday evening.

Editor No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Si-

glish Captain, A. B. Davis; Charles H.

Clark, Jr., Recorder; meets last Friday

evening of each month.

Editor Local Matters.

EATH OF WILLIAM W. WALES.

Lighthouse Keeper for More Than

a Century—A Brave Sol-

ider and an Honorable Citizen.

Captain William W. Wales died at an

early hour yesterday morning at the

Tai Lighthouse of which he

had been the keeper for the last

two years. His friends had

his failing health for sometime,

he persisted in calling himself well

in the city on Wednesday. He

was as usual Thursday night, but

had an ill turn. Dr. Davis of this

was summoned at once and left

about 4 o'clock on a napkin

, but arrived too late to render

assistance. Death was caused by

the disease.

Wales was a native of New

England during youth and early man-

hood was employed here in various po-

sts of responsibility and trust. He

clerk for Mr. Philip Rider at the

gentleman carried on business

in the Old Mercury Building, so

that stood at the corner of

square where Mr. P. H. Hor-

now erecting a new block, and

for some time with the late Rufus

in the express business. He

disengaged when the war broke

and gave up the position to serve

country. He served in the Ninth

Infantry and later in the Fifth, and

served in the ambulance corps

of the yellow fever ravages in

Carolina, where he distinguished

himself by his bravery and indefatig-

able efforts in caring for those stricken

by the dread disease.

Was discharged from the service

as keeper of the lighthouse at

the Island was dated June 20th,

and his first keeper at Point

Beaver Tail. His last report to

Customs department as keeper at

the Island was dated June 20th,

and his first keeper at Point

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## AT MARKET VALUE

By GRANT ALLEN.

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[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A MISSING LOVER.

Twas in bitter disappointment that Arnold Willoughby strode away from the Heslegrave's door that afternoon in Venice. For the second time in his life's day dream had vanished. And the new bubble had burst even more painfully than the old one. He was young, he said to himself, when he fell in love with Blanche Middleton. With a boy's simplicity he mistook the mere blushing awkwardness and uncertainty of the ingenue for tenderness of mind and purity of purpose. He had a rude awakening when he saw Lady Sark sell herself for money and title and develop into one of the valutes and show-off among the heartless clowns of professional beauties. But this time, he had said to his own heart, he was older and wiser. A such hasty mistake for him nowadays! He knew the difference now between the awkward bashfulness of the frightened schoolgirl and the pure white integrity of a noble-minded woman. Bit by bit Kathleen Heslegrave had won back the source misgivings to a belief in her sex, in its goodness, in its unselfishness, in its nobility of nature. He knew she could have married Rufus Mortimer if she wished, but he believed she had refused him for the penniless sailor's sake. It was because he believed her capable of real disinterested affection like that he had fallen in love with Kathleen Heslegrave.

And now what a disillusion! He found he had been mistaken in her from the very beginning. The woman whom he had thought so far raised above her fellows that she could love a struggling artist without just, without future, for his own sake alone, turned out after all to be an intriguer more calculating and more deceitful in her way than Lady Sark herself had been. Kathleen must have known from the beginning that the man whose advances she had accepted with so much blushing uncertainty and with such pretty coyness was really Lord Axminster. She had been saying those sweet things about respecting him so much and not caring for rank or wealth or position because she thought that was the way that would lead her to a coronet. With incredible cunning and deceptiveness she had managed to hide from him her knowledge of his original position and to assume a sort of instinctive shrinking from his lowly calling, which she allowed her love and respect to overcome, as it were, quite visibly before his eyes with consummate cleverness. As a piece of fine acting in real life it was nothing short of admirable. If that girl were to go upon the stage, now, Arnold said to himself bitterly, she would make her fortune. Those modest side glances those dexterously summoned blushes, that timid demeanor at first, giving way with fuller acquaintance to an un-controllable affection, so strong that it compelled her, against her will, as it seemed, to overlook the prejudice of birth and to forget the immense gulf in artificial position—oh, as acting it was marvelous. But to think it was only that Arnold Willoughby's brain reeled. Ah, why could he never cast this blight of false adulation and viceship behind him? Why could he never stand out before the world on his merits as a man and be accepted or rejected for himself alone without the intervention of this perpetual reference to his artificial value and his place in the peacock?

And the secrecy of it too! The basest! The privy planning and plotting! Why, this woman whom he imagined all frankness and candor, with a heart as straightforward as that open, brave face of hers, had concocted this vile trap to catch a corner unawares, all by herself, snatched, and had concealed her inmost thoughts from her own mother even. There was a cold-blooded deliberateness about it all which disgusted and disillusioned Arnold Willoughby on the first blush of it. He had gone into that house that afternoon in a lover's fever and with a lover's fervor, saying to himself as he crossed the threshold: "There is none like her, none. I shall ask her this very day. I could risk my life for her with Joy. I could stake my existence on her goodness and purity!"

And now he came out of it coldly numb and critical. He hated to think he had been so readily deceived by a clever woman's wiles. He hated and despised himself. Never again while he lived would he trust a single one of them. Their most innocent smile boded their blackest treachery.

It's a way men have when they're out of conceit for a time with their wives or their sweethearts.

As for poor Mrs. Heslegrave, the unoffending cause of all this lamentable misconception, she sat by herself, meanwhile wringing her hands in impotent despair in her own drawing room and wondering when Kathleen would come in to comfort her. Each minute seemed an hour. What could be keeping Kathleen? As a rule, the dear child came back so soon from such errands as this to her beloved work, for Kathleen was never so happy as when painting or sketching, and she wrought with a will, both for love's sake and for money's. But today she was somehow uncontrollably delayed. Her stars were unpropitious, and the real cause of the delay, as fate would have it, was one of those petty circumstances upon which our lives all hinge. She had gone round on her way home by the Fondamenta delle Zattere as a woman in love will do, expecting to find Arnold Willoughby at work on his canvas there and hoping to seem as if mere accident had brought her back to the place she had abandoned during the Valentine's visit. Three days was so long a time to go without seeing Arnold! But instead of finding him she had fallen in with Rufus Mortimer engaged upon his christening scene, and Mortimer, guessing her object, and generally anxious, as was his nature, to aid her in her love affair, had kept her talking long in front of the picture he was painting under the belief that Arnold would shortly turn up, and that he was doing her a kindness by thus making her presence there seem more natural and less open to misconception. Yet, as often happens in this world of mischances, Mortimer's very anxiety to help her defeated his own purpose. It was the kind-hearted young American's fate in life to do as much harm by his well-intentioned efforts as many worse natures do by their deliberate malice.

To this unconscious trap Kathleen fell readily enough and waited on as long as she could in the vain hope that Arnold Willoughby would turn up sooner or later. But when at last it seemed clear that he was taking an afternoon off on a wouldn't-be-there-at-all she accepted Mortimer's offer of a lift home in his gondola, and having wasted her day hopelessly by this time went in on her way back to fulfill a few small commissions at shops in the Calle du Moine, which still further delayed her return to her mother's.

When she reached home and went upstairs, she was astonished to find Mrs. Heslegrave rocking herself up and down distractedly in her chair, and the yellow bonnet headress in a last stage of disorder, which betokened a long spell of very vigorous misery.

"Why, mother, dear," she cried in alarm.

"what has happened since I went out you haven't had another letter from Regge?" she asked, sobbing. "I wish I had," she answered, sobbing. "I wish it was only that! I wish it was Regge! Oh, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, how am I ever to tell you? He's been here since you went out, and you'll never, never forgive me!"

"He's been here!" Kathleen repeated, not knowing what her mother could mean.

"Regge's been here! Today! Not at this house—in Venice!"

"No, no, no, no, Regge," Mrs. Heslegrave answered, rocking herself up and down still more vigorously than before. "Mr. Willoughby—Lord Axminster!"

In a second the color fled from Kathleen's cheek as if by magic. Her heart grew cold. She trembled all over.

"Mr. Willoughby!" she cried, clasping her bloodless hands. Every nerve in her body quivered. Never till that moment did she know how far her love had carried her.

"Oh, mother, what did you say? What did he do? What has happened?"

"He's gone!" Mrs. Heslegrave cried feebly, wringing her hands in distress. "He's gone for good and all!" He told me to say goodbye to you."

"Goodby!" Kathleen echoed, horror-struck. "Goodby! Oh, mother! Where's he going then? What can it mean? This is very sudden!"

"I don't know," Mrs. Heslegrave answered, bursting afresh into tears, "but he said I spoilt all. He said so more than once, and he told me it was you yourself who said so."

For a minute or two Kathleen was too agitated even to figure in any intelligent way what exactly had happened. Just at first all she knew was a vague consciousness of fate, a sense that some terrible blow had fallen upon her. Her mother had committed some fatal indiscretion, and Arnold was gone—gone without an explanation! But slowly, as she thought of it all, it began to dawn upon her what must have happened. With a fearful shrinking at heart she hardened herself for the effort and drew slowly from the reluctant and penitent Mrs. Heslegrave a full and complete confession of her share in the misfortune. Bit by bit Mrs. Heslegrave allowed the whole painful and humiliating scene to be wrung out of her pincers. As soon as she had finished Kathleen stood up and faced her. She did not reproach her mother—the wound had gone deep by far for reproach—but her very silence was more terrible to Mrs. Heslegrave than any number of rebukes.

"I must go, mother," she cried, breaking away from her like some wild and wounded creature—"I must go at once and see him. This cruel misconception is more than I can endure. I didn't know who he was till Cazon Valentine told us. I fell in love with him for himself as a common sailor. I never knew he was a common sailor. I must go and tell him so!"

Mrs. Heslegrave's sense of propriety was severely outraged. Not only was it dreadful to think that a young lady could have fallen in love with a man unshaved, and that man, too, a common sailor, but it was dreadful also that Kathleen should dream of going to see him in person instead of writing to explain to him and asking him to call round for the further clearing up of this painful entanglement.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried, drawing back, "you're not surely going to call for him! It would look so bad! Do you think it would be right? Do you think it would be womanly?"

"Yes, I do," Kathleen answered, with unswayed boldness. "Right and womanly to the last degree. Most right and most womanly. Mother, dear, I don't blame you. You did what you thought best in my interest, as you imagined, but you have left him under a cruel misconception of my character and motives—a misconception that would be dreadful for me to bear with any one, but ten thousand times worse with a nature like Arnold Willoughby's, and I can't sit down under it. I can't rest till I've seen him and told him how utterly mistaken he is about me. There's no turning back now. I must and shall see him!"

And in her own heart she said to herself a great deal more than that—"I must and shall marry him!"

So with face on fire and eager steps that never paused she rushed hither down the stairs and out into the Piazza. The pigeons crowded round her as if nothing had happened. Thence she took the narrow lane that led most directly by many bridges to the little salt fish shop and went to make her first call on the man of her choice at his own lodgings.

Little Cecca was at the door playing with a big new doll. She looked up with a smile at the beautiful lady, whom she recognized as the person she had seen out walking one day with "our Inglesi."

"Is she dead?" Kathleen echoed, a cold thrill coming over her. "Gone away? Not from Venice!"

The child nodded and puffed out her lips. "Si, si," she said, "from Venice." And then went on singing in her childish nursery rhyme.

"Vata a una tarta o una batata; Co' ti' fata, batuta in mara. La ti condura in Venecia bela."

"But he hasn't done that," she added in her baby-like prattle. "He's taken his boat and gone away from Venice, away from Venice, from Venezia bela, right away, right away from Venezia bela."

Kathleen stood for a moment, redding.

The child's words answered her. She had hard work to restrain herself from fainting then and there. A terrible weakness seemed to break over her suddenly. Gone, and with that fatal misconception on his mind! Oh, it was too, too cruel! She staggered into the shop. With an effort she burst out:

"The signor, your lodger—the Inglesi—Signor Willoughby?"

A large, young woman of the florid Venetian type, broad of face and yellow of hair, like a vulgarized Titian, was sitting behind the counter knitting away at a colored headress. She nodded and looked grave. Like all Italians, she instantly suspected a love remedy of the kind with which she herself was familiar.

"Is gone," she assented in a really sympathetic tone. "Si, si, is gone, signora. The little one says the truth. Is gone this evening."

"But where?" Kathleen cried, restraining with a struggle from wringing her poor hands and repressing the rising tears before the stranger's face with visible difficulty.

The beautiful looking Italian woman spread her hands open by her sides with a democratic air. "Who knows?" she answered placidly. "Tis the way with these sauvages. A bella ragazza in every port, they say—one here, one there, one in Venice, one in London, and perhaps, for all we know, one in Buenos Ayres, Calcutta, Rio—let me say write to you, signora. He may come back again to Italy."

Kathleen shook her head sadly. Much as the woman misunderstood the situation,

she was astounded to find Mrs. Heslegrave rocking herself up and down distractingly in her chair, and the yellow bonnet headress in a last stage of disorder, which betokened a long spell of very vigorous misery.

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## Traveler's Directory.

## Fall River Line

New York the South and West.  
Agents PHIGGOLA, PURITAN, PLYMOUTH and PILGRIM in commission.  
Orchestra on each.  
Arr. New York, Wednesday and Sundays at  
10 A.M. Dues \$1.00. Fall River, Saturday.  
RETURNING to New York, steamer  
ARRIVES N.Y., foot of Murray Street, week  
days 4:30 P.M. Sundays at 6:30 P.M. Week  
days 4:30 P.M. Sundays at 6:30 P.M. Week  
days until 6:30 A.M. before proceeding to  
Fall River.  
TICKETS and steamers apply at New  
York, Boston, Dispatch Office, 272  
Pearl Street, J. L. GREENE, Ticket Agent.  
J. L. CONNOR, Pass Traffic Manager.  
H. H. TAYLOR, Genl. Pass' Agent, New York.  
J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R.I.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD  
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.,  
THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 1, 1895.

Leave

14	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	N.Y.
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**The Mercury**

JOHN P. HANSON, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

Boston celebrated the 120th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill Monday, in a truly patriotic manner.

The Yale-Harvard regatta will take place at New London on the 28th inst., and both crews are just now engaged in important practice work.

Ninety hundred nine dollars and fifteen cents is Rhode Island's portion of the \$25,000 appropriated by Congress for the naval reserve militia of the several states.

It is said that Secretary Olney may not be so quiet as was his predecessor when some foreign nation touches the eagle's tail. We shall see what we shall see.

Mary Jane Bradford, who recently died in New Boston, left four thousand dollars in trust, the income of which will go to support a favorite parrot, to whom she was greatly attached. Poor Poll!

The fifth annual reunion of the surviving members of Battery D, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, was held on Tuesday at Rogers Williams Park. Thirty-one comrades were present, a number of them accompanied by ladies.

Newport's postoffice was this week changed from a second to a first class post office. This change involves an increase of help which will be as gratifying to our citizens as the increases in salaries will be to the postmaster and his assistants.

The launching of the Defendor, which was expected to have taken place today, has been postponed to next week. It is hoped, however, to have the craft ready to participate in the race of 90-footers off Sandy Hook on the tenth proximo, with the Vigilant, Columbia and Jubilee as competitors.

A society for the suppression of scandal has been formed in Fuerberg, Germany. As a rule, a similar society could find abundant employment in any modern city or town, large or small. But as humanity is constituted at present, would not the societies themselves be the first ones to be convicted of slander?

The convention of the League of Republican Clubs held in Cleveland this week was one of the most enthusiastic and largest attended in the history of the organization, and there was an unusual interest manifested in all its deliberations. Rhode Island was well represented, ex-Gov. Brown being one of the principal speakers at the mass meeting Wednesday evening.

The United States Fish Commission reports great success in its work of hatching and propagating lobsters at Wood's Hole. Since the beginning of the year more than 80,000 lobsters have been planted and Superintendent Maxwell says that fully 80 per cent. of all sent out from the hatcheries will reach maturity. This will be pleasing to the native Newporter whose Sunday dinner is complete only when lobster forms one of the ingredients.

Gov. Morton, though twenty years beyond the average age of the twenty-four Presidents when inaugurated, will receive the full vote of New York in the convention of next year, and nothing could be urged against him in any state except, perhaps, that he has passed the limit as to age. Gladstone and Bismarck, who are much his seniors, would probably be of a different opinion, but they do not know what it is to be hunted down by a swarm of office-seekers.

The second course of Greenacre lectures will be given at Eliot, Maine, beginning July 4 and continuing till August 31. These lectures were established last year with a view to bringing together the friends of scientific thought that its bearings upon the ethical, social and religious problems of our time might be discussed and especially to emphasize and illustrate the positive, constructive, helpful implications of the Doctrine of Evolution as relating to the problems.

The people of Ashtabula, Ohio, have just erected a monument to the memory of the 92 persons who lost their lives in the well-remembered railroad disaster of 1876. A Chicago newspaper suggests this inscription: "This monument is erected to perpetuate the memory of a railroad corporation's greed in constructing a bridge for its passenger traffic which was condemned as insecure by its engineers, and which cost the lives of 92 persons." It would be a true inscription, though it will find no place on the shaft. If there was ever a piece of criminal carelessness on the part of the managers of a railroad corporation, this was one.

The decision of Judge Gaynor that boxing exhibitions are to be licensed by Brooklyn's mayor does not necessarily mean that the judge is in sympathy with such sports. "He objects," says a New York letter, "to the ways of the police, who have allowed the managers to grab all the money possible by advertising fights, attracting sporting men from distant cities, and men than meeting all expense from admission fees, the police then stepping in and stopping the fights before they begin to be what they were advertised for. This trick was stopped by the judges protest, the police arresting the fighters at the last bout Saturday evening, and they say they must keep on arresting and convicting the fighters, if they can, for the law, in his opinion, will justify him in refusing to order Mayor Schenck to close the club."

## Love vs. Friendship.

We take the liberty to offer the following very valuable advice from the columns of the Newport Herald and we trust that the author will pardon our presumption in so doing.

One day, from nine in the morning till the clock struck nine at night, bad Love was constantly trying with every effort and slight, to throw a net by his caressing art round a maiden's fluttering little heart. But that watchful heart stood off whenever the net was falling, so Love looked angry at last, for he felt it rather galling that who so many hearts had caught, by this innocent one was not at naught. Now that was coming on quickly; soon he had a halo, having plenty to do on the morrow, not a moment in fact to waste! "What shall I try?" thought he. "Ha! there's Friendship passing, lace!" Round Friendship he threw both his arms. "Dear Friendship! I know you will do me a kindness whenever I ask you—you have often done so unto me; for a maguey ball a dress I would borrow; therefore lend me your clothes till tomorrow. In the meantime to guard against cold—put me on—you're always good hearted!" So Friendship submitted, changed clothes, and obligingly home he departed, while Love went away to act his part with the innocent maiden's little heart.

"Little heart," said he, "I've learnt that Love was with you today; he is really a dangerous youth, so I'm glad he's gone away, for though my cousin—since quite a child, the soap-grace has always been very wild."

Said the little heart—"I'm delighted, dear Friendship, to find you here, for Love has indeed been with me, and his schemes I greatly fear, but when you are gone, I am not afraid of being either misled or betrayed."

Then a sleep fell that heart so simple, quite tired and needing rest, not thinking that Love the deceiver in Friendship's guise was drear; and it dreamt—how pleasant, how very dear, were Friendship always to shelter her! In the morning it woke to discover itself closed in a net very fast, which Love in the night had thrown round it, and now stood out boldly at last, laying back sober-faced Friendship's clothes, and assumed his own color, the "couleur de rose."

The moral, young people, is simply that each one of you should beware Love is not the guest of your bosom, when you think 'tis but Friendship there, lest some morning you find with much surprise Love has left you heart white in Friendship's guise.

## The Constitution Not Violated.

Moses P. Gray, a druggist of Mystic, Conn., was, several years ago, arrested for dispensing liquors without a druggist's license. Mr. Gray claimed that his license as a pharmacist permitted him to so dispense the liquors. The case was carried through the State courts, and in each stage was decided against him. It was then taken to the United States supreme court, where Mr. Gray endeavored to secure a reversal of the judgment on the ground that the law was in violation of the 14th amendment to the Constitution, in that the law rendered partially useless a pharmacist's license previously granted him, thereby depriving him of the use of his property without due process of law.

The court, by Justice Field, has handed down its decision, saying that there was no such violation of the constitution, and affirming the judgment of the Connecticut courts.

The Pequot Casino Association of New London, Conn., will hold a regatta of that city next Thursday. The course for the first class is 20 miles and the prizes are \$200, cup or money, for schooners, and \$100, cup or money, for sloops. The course in the second, third and fourth classes is twice around a 10 mile triangle, the committee reserving the right to declare the race finished in the first round; the prizes are class 2, \$50, cup or money, with \$25 entrance fee, for a sweepstakes, open to sloops between 40 and 50 ft. racing length, if at least three enter; class 3, \$50, cup or money, for sloops not over 33, nor under 30 ft. racing length, if at least three enter; class 4, \$100, cup or money, for "34-Raters."

Twenty years ago Wm. J. Brown, an Indiana man, in a fit of jealous passion, killed a rival suitor for the hand of Miss Millie E. Jamison, to whom he was engaged. The term of imprisonment for which he was sentenced expired recently, and a few days ago he, now a white-haired man of seventy, was married to the woman on account of whom he committed the crime. During Brown's imprisonment Miss Jamison has been saving and working to accumulate money enough to support both.

Who is right? A Boston clergyman has declared that "thousands are riding to hell on bicycles," and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton asserts that "women are riding to suffrage on the bicycle"—[Ex.]

Let us hope that neither are correct. In our opinion a bicycle would be as much out of place in the infested regions as at a polling place, particularly if the fair riders should indulge a fancy for wire-pulling, button-holing, and the other methods reputed to be those of politicians.

Prof. W. C. O. Jacques, president of the only distinctively art school for colored people will make an astoundingly large and creditable art exhibit in the Negro Building at the Cotton State, and International Exposition. The art department of the State University of Louisville, Kentucky, will also make a display of art work by colored artists.

The fourth trial of the Laidlaw Sage case resulted in a verdict for \$4,000 for the plaintiff. But before Mr. Sage consented to hand this sum over to his alleged bomb protector the verdict will have to be confirmed by the higher court.

The opening of the new Manhattan Beach track on Saturday is said to have been attended by more than 10,000 bicyclists. This gives a fair idea of the popularity of the wheel.

As much as possible all work, more especially manual work, should be avoided in damp, foggy, threatening weather. Numerous deaths of the serious sort in judgment occur in such weather. The weather described occurs as the low barometer comes in. The value is much clearer under a high barometer and the best thoughts flow, the grandest deeds are accomplished in clearing weather when the clouds have rolled away. If more attention were given to this subject most of the serious errors would be avoided. Moribundus may notice that their greatest sins are made under a high barometer, physicians have noted that they are called to visit the sick more frequently while a low covers the country and the harvest of undertakers follows a low barometer.

We are in receipt of a copy of the "Voyages of Nichols Hall, from 1833 to 1833," for which we desire to thank the author. The book is a valuable and interesting one, including a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Hall as well as notes on his many voyages. During one of Mr. Hall's voyages, that around the world in 1891, the Mexican war was fortunate enough to receive letters from the distinguished gentleman detailing each day's happenings which, no doubt, our readers remember with pleasure.

The progress of the work at the Cotton States and International Exposition during the past month has been so rapid that 150 acres of Piedmont Park, with buildings, walks, drives, ways, terraces and landscape gardening, is beginning to assume the general appearance of the completed work.

Prof. Alexander Aransis, a summer student at Newport, evidently does not think that his brief sojourn there entitles him to a Rhodes Scholarship and he has therefore protested against being enumerated in our State census. If he had had any political ambitions he might feel differently.—[Prov. Journal.]

Stratford, Conn., has one hundred young ladies who have sworn off smoking cigarettes. The cigarette market must have felt the strain.

Who says Newport is not a healthy city? Beside the beautiful June weather there are over a thousand doctors in town this week.

The opening ball game was a great success and, if appearances are not deceptive, Newport will have a good team and a prosperous season.

Foster's Weather Bulletin.

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Sr. Joseph, Mo. June 22.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 25th to 26th and the next will reach the Pacific coast about 30th; cross the west of Rockies county by close of 30th, the great central valley July 1 to 3 and the eastern states about 4th.

Average rains may be expected through the central portions of the United States leaving a deficiency in the extreme north and south.

Warm wave will cross the west of Rockies county about June 20th, great central valleys July 1st and eastern states July 3d. Cool wave will cross the west of Rockies county about 2d, great central valleys July 4th and eastern states about 6th.

The cool wave will inaugurate an extended cool period and what is herein designated as the cool half of the month.

Each month is usually divided into two weeks of cool and two weeks of warm weather, and the difference in the average temperature of these two periods is almost universally of a radical type. It is of great importance to know when these warm and cool periods will occur.

Each of those twelve to fifteen days warm period has two storm waves, two warm waves and two cool waves and each of the twelve to fifteen days cool period has the same.

Most rain falls during the cool periods and the evaporation and drought symptoms are experienced during the warm periods.

I challenge the world in making long range forecasts of these warm and cool periods and whoever tests the accuracy of these bulletins in forecasting these periods will do the forecasts, in that respect at least, wonderfully correct.

The rain belt for July appears to extend from Denver to Philadelphia leaving areas of drouth in the direction of Charleston and Key West and from Chicago and Davenport toward the northwest.

General forecasts for July and temperature forecasts for the coming winter will be published in my next bulletin. I believe my calculations for the coming winter to be reliable and they are of a most important character.

It will be a remarkable winter as to temperature.

HORSEMEN OF THE ARGENTINE.

The Congress of Rough Riders of the World, the very important adjunct to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Exhibition, termed, deserves especial notice, as it will affect the future of equine methods almost entirely unknown in this section. The congress will include the representatives of the daring and dexterous cowboy horsemen of the Western plains, the expert and fearless Indian braves, the hardy and hardy horsemen of the Caucasus, but more marked in other racial peculiarities and remarkable national characteristics, are the Gauchos from the lands of the Argentine Republic.

The Gaucho differs in many respects from the other expert horsemen of the semi-civilized sections of the earth. He is the product of a peculiar scheme of existence, and of unusual savage conditions of life that obtain in the semi-civilized parts of the world, save on the borders of the United States and Canada.

The Gaucho differs in many respects from the other expert horsemen of the world, save on the borders of the United States and Canada.

The Gaucho is a man of the wilds, the wilds of the South American wilds. The Gaucho temperament, the strong infusion of the South American blood, together with the semi-horseback life, the semi-savage conditions of life, the semi-civilized life, the semi-wild life, the semi-wild Gaucho. Like the other rough riders already named, the Gaucho is a man approach to the mythical Centaur. Like them, and probably more so, the Gaucho spends the greater portion of his time in the saddle, associated with the wild equines of the pampas in even a more intense degree than any of the noted equestrian races.

Accustomed from childhood to ride the Gaucho horse, the Gaucho, may be said to ride like a Centaur, and to walk like a Centaur, and to fight like a Centaur. The Gaucho weapon he is exceedingly dangerous. From this brief description of the Gaucho and some of his peculiarities, it will be seen that they are a crew, and undoubtedly prove a formidable force.

The Gaucho is a man of the wilds, the wilds of the South American wilds. The Gaucho has a distinctness of their own to play in the truly gigantic enterprise. He will be a man of the wilds, the wilds of the South American wilds.

With May Be Gratiated.

WESTBROOK, Me. June 21.—John R. Goodell, who took his powder Wednesday while suffering from despondency, attempted suicide again last evening by jumping out of a second story window. He is in a critical condition.

China's Big Debt.

SHANGHAI, June 21.—By the fourth article of the Shimpo-ki treaty the war indemnity to be paid by China to Japan will be \$10,000,000 in capital, treasury notes, equivalent to \$8,500,000 silver Mexican dollars.

New Lease of Life.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 21.—The supreme court has granted a stay in the execution of Harry Hayward for 90 days. Hayward was to be executed today.

His Diecimont Explained.

"You seem very uncomfortable," said Mrs. Cayenne.

"I am exceedingly uncomfortable. I have something on my mind."

"What? Then it's no wonder!"—[Washington Star.]

Hood's Pills cure Indigestion.

## CLINTON'S CRISIS.

Over Two Thousand Operatives Leave the Lancaster Mills.

Demand an Increase of 20 Per Cent In Wages—At a Mammoth Mass Meeting They Vote to Stand Firm.

CLINTON, June 16.—There is a big strike on at the Lancaster gingham mills in this town. Last Friday 133 of the weavers went out on strike. These weavers had been put to work on a new pattern of weaving without getting a raise in wages, which they claimed they were entitled to.

At a mass meeting of the Weavers' union, held Saturday, it was voted not to inaugurate a general strike until so ordered by the union, but yesterday, as soon as the looms started up, dissensions arose and the weavers began to talk strike.

A meeting of the weavers in the old mill was held, and word was sent to the new mill that a strike was on, and the weavers there understood if they would cooperate, work was quickly returned that the new mill operatives would stand by them.

Then the 1600 weavers marched out through the gate. A consultation was held in the street and it was decided to hold a mass meeting in the afternoon. After the weavers went out the most intense excitement ensued within the mills.

The next action was the going out of the operatives of all the rooms. A fair estimate showed that 2300 persons were out.

Result of Meeting a Secret.

At 2 o'clock the town hall was packed to overflowing. The utmost secrecy prevailed, none but operatives of the Lancaster mills being allowed within.

The strike was fully and ardently discussed, and it was unanimously voted not to return to work until the old scale of wages was given.

The weavers' scale of 1893 was 47 cents a cut. The scale as at present paid is 37 cents a cut.

Operatives Paid Off.

WORCESTER, June 20.—The feature of the day in the great strike at the Lancaster mills in Clinton was the paying off of striking operatives. Many operatives have left town, the number being placed at between 200 and 300.

NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

Represented at the Opening of Germany's New Waterway.

HAMBURG, June 21.—The formal passage of the opening of the new Baltic and North Sea canal was begun yesterday with its attendant ceremonies, civic, military and naval—and the greatest of these was the naval, as well as to the naval prestige of the German empire.

The Maibohle had challenged the criticism and won the unlimited praise of the best naval architects of the assembled nations. She has most ably represented the greatest of republics and has been the greatest attraction of all the vessels at the rendezvous.

Emperor William of Germany entered the western opening of the new waterway at Brunsbuttel, not far from Hamburg, shortly after daylight, on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern and arrived at the eastern opening of the canal here shortly after noon.

Both shores of the canal were lined with cavalry and infantry throughout the passage of the procession, and every point of vantage along the route of the new waterway was occupied by thousands of people. Gay decorations were to be seen everywhere; flags innumerable floated from every point, and an immense amount of powder was burned by the assembled squadrons when Emperor William on the Hohenzollern emerged safely from the thronelike deck of the Holtenau lock of the channel.

Advised to Move.

BOSTON, June 21.—The state house commissioners yesterday submitted a letter of warning to the executive council for the entire vacation of the Bulfinch building.

The adjutant general, the assistant sergeant-at-arms, the commissioner of prisons, the board of registration, and even the leather shop are invited to find other quarters. The document was addressed to the governor and states that the lives of the occupants of the building are in danger until the work of underpinning walls is completed.

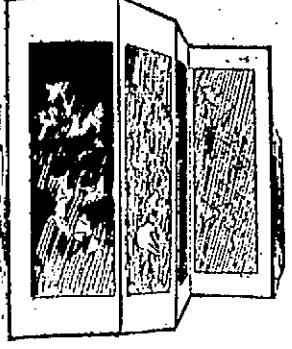
Challenge Has Not Arrived.

CAMBRIDGE, June 21.—Professor Ames, chairman of the Harvard athletic committee, in referring to the Oxford-Cambridge challenge, said the document said to have been mailed from England had not yet been received by the committee and that that body would not consider the matter until it was at hand.

Deserting Clinton.

WORCESTER, June 21.—The strikers from the Lancaster mills, Clinton, are leaving town in

## Flint's Fine Furniture.



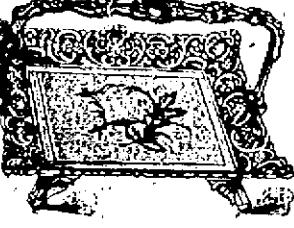
\$2.99

Four-fold Japanned Screen, ebony and gold decorations, for  
\$2.99.

## IN DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.

Let nothing "creep" this bargain from your eyes on your shopping list.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.



## JUNE WEDDINGS

Are at hand and quite apropos, is this Quadruple Plate Silver Cake Basket, at  
above,

\$3.00.

Warranted 2 years. Beautiful line of Silverware suitable for presents. We keep all the best standard goods at a lower price than elsewhere. "Take the cake at \$3.00."

## At FLINT'S, Broad &amp; Eddy Sts.

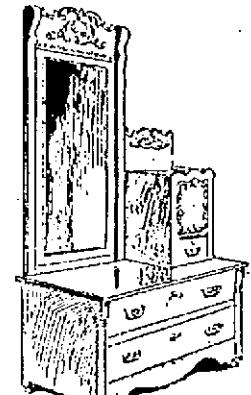
## Flint's Fine Furniture.



## THEY ALL HAVE WHEELS.

Have your boys and girls' "pito-dots," Boys' and Girls' Tricycles, at Flint's, for \$1.50 up. Good, strong, durable wheels.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.



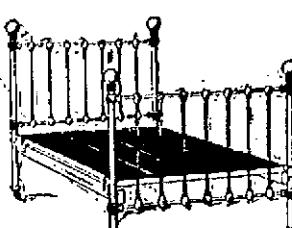
## THIS SOLID OAK CHAMBER SET

\$44.00.

With the popular Choral Dresser, massive, ornate and convenient—large French Mirror, cupboard in one piece a roomy

dresser and a Choral mirror, at a low price,

## Flint's Fine Furniture.

THIS \$9.00  
BRASS TRIMMED,  
WHITE ENAMEL  
METALLIC BEDSTEAD

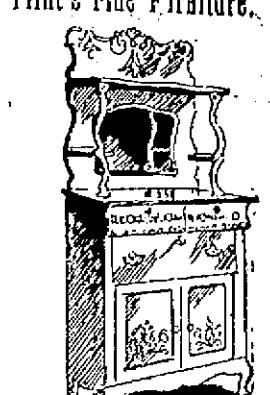
Multiple Wire Spring, Soft Top Mattress. COMPLETE, \$9.00. All sizes exactly represented above.

## AT FLINT'S,



Solid Oak, \$10

AS ABOVE.



## OAK SIDEBOARD \$20.

This positively cannot be duplicated or beaten in quality or price in Providence. We have the finest modern and low-priced Oak Sideboards in the market.

\$20.00—INVESTIGATE—\$20.00

## THE WEEK'S NEWS

Saturday, June 16.

Terrible explosion at Fall River caused by a defective boiler. Four lives lost and seven persons injured—Studen death of Dr. A. A. Miner of Boston—The three Billerica (Mass.) murderers taken to the East Cambridge jail—Missed paces a mile in 2407 at Fleetwood park—Howland boat Stevens' in middle-stakes teams trials at Orange, N. J.—Dr. Jackson gives sensational evidence against Dr. Griswold at Hartford—Almon Adams assaulted his brother-in-law, George W. Carter, at Carlisle, Mass., and fractured his skull—Kentucky rebels master of the situation—Secretary Cutts delivered a sound money speech in Louisville to an enthusiastic audience—Queen Victoria witnessed the burning of the Duke of Fife's Highland residence—Concord and Montreal directors vote to submit offer to lease the road to the Boston and Maine to the stockholders—Old woman brutally beaten in her house in Skowhegan, Me.—Gill Hamilton apparently going to get well—Turpentine boat Erleson shows good speed—Edward Graffam, state's witness in the Gochman (Me.) murder trial, arrested for assault—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her 81st birthday at her home at Hartford—Cornell freshman crew defeated University of Pennsylvania freshman crew at Ithaca, N. Y.—Albert T. Abbott sent to Massachusetts state prison for life for felonious assault—Wood pulp paper manufacturers to complete their plans for forming a trust in Boston—No clue to the whereabouts of Oscar Fernand, the missing Somerville man!—The Brazilian government loan of \$30,000,000 fully subscribed.

Sunday, June 16.

Lazzarone won the suburban handicap—William Henry, suspected of murdering his father in Brooklyn, surrendered—The Newfoundland loan bill becomes law—Worcester high school won the inter-collegiate games at Cambridge—Howard Gould's Master won in the Royal Southern Yacht club regatta—Police prevented Dixon and Ernie from fighting at Coney Island—The mayor of Somerville will ask for artillery to assist in search for Oscar Fernand's body—John Connell a missing Cambridgeport school girl, found in the woods—Primer Rosary adults suspending defeat of government in coming elections—The Masonic building in Arlington, Mass., badly damaged by fire—Deposits of bonobos exceeding expectations of Atchison organization committee—Ernest Fisher, a self-confessed infantry and sneak thief, captured by Boston detectives in Brandon, Vt.—Archbishop Prendergast of Chicago charged with misuse of \$40,000 of parish funds—The Conococheague Masonic home will be formally dedicated Sept. 25—The late Mrs. Harriet P. Harris will \$500 to the Exeter Baptist church and \$100 each to its ex-pastor, Rev. J. N. Chase, and his wife—New Haven, Vt., William Cheney, a young unmarried granite polisher, committed suicide in the barn of Justus Ketchum—Congregational Apsley and wife of Hudson, Mass., returned home from their European trip.

Monday, June 17.

New York Sunday newspaper train wrecked at New Haven—Rumors that the Valkyrie III may not be raced on the other side—Opening of the international convention of the World's Women's Temperance union in London—Women's Temperance union in London—Liquor law enforcement campaign begun at Bedford, Me.—New London prepared to welcome the Army of the Potomac—Series of epidemics of malignant scarlet fever at West Boylston, Mass.—Revolution spreading in Cuba and Spanish soldiers deserting—Compulsory temperance education bill signed by Governor Morton of New York—Bishop Lawrence preached the inculcative sermon at Harvard—Dennis O'Connell, wanted in Manchester, N. H., for highway robbery, caught—Zimmerman-Johnson match race to occur at Asbury Park July 10, the day before the national meet—Families of three of the boiler explosion victims held at Fall River—Iowa Republicans want Allison to hold the ticket in 1890.

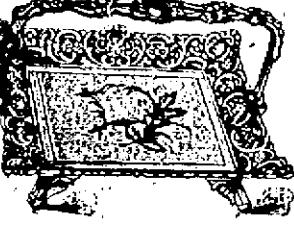
Tuesday, June 18.

The employees of the Lancaster mills, Clinton, went out on strike in a body—J. Warren Storer, a prominent farmer of Camden, Me., died of apoplexy—Mrs. Hannah Lovett of Nashua observed the 100th anniversary of her birth—The Fall River aldermen granted a franchise to the Fall River Electric Light company to bury its wires. The city gets four electric free and reserved the right to purchase the conduit after eight years—George Robinson at Williamstown, Mass., was committed without bail on a charge of an attempt to commit an indecent assault on Jennie Carr, aged 14—The Bridgewater police are looking for William Raymond, who has passed a number of forged checks upon merchants in that city and got \$400 of their money—General O'Gallagher, chief of engineers of the army, has gone to Nantasket, Mass., to attend the annual meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers—Fifty Italian laborers on the waterworks at Rockport Harbor, Me., disagreeing with contractors about pay, are on a strike—Edward Root of Cobalt, Conn., drowned in the Connecticut river by the capsizing of a boat—Extensive forest fires raging in Sterling, Conn., having burned over several hundred acres of woodland—The New Haven Heating and Plumbing company of New Haven lived in the hands of a receiver. The assets placed at \$30,000—Dr. John M. Parker, a veterinarian of Haverhill, who was some time ago bitten by a dog, is in the Pasteur Institute, New York city, undergoing treatment for hydrocephalus—Assistant Secretary of War De wet will be acting secretary during the absence of Secretary Lamont—John J.

Lord Dunraven's cutter showed excellent qualities on her third trial trip—Rev. Anthony H. Evans, D.D., accepts call to pastorate of New York West Presbyterian church—Desperate battle between a maniac and a keeper at Springfield—Platform to be presented to the Cleveland convention ignores all public questions—Cuban revolution said to be growing more formidable—Jules Lebreton elected to the French academy—Report that England will make a naval demonstration at Constantinople—Opposition will ask the queen to dissolve parliament—Cuban insurgents gained a victory near Banos—Governor Altgard of Illinois hanged in effigy—Judgment creditors' powers curtailed in securing executions in Missouri—New Baptist church at North Easton, Mass., dedicated—Dental report that Harvard has declined the Oxford-Cambridge challenge—Lancaster mill, Clinton, completely closed for the first time in 15 years—Strikers' committee and agent of the Hamilton mills, Amesbury, Mass., to have a conference—Robert J. Hayes, 22, is—The Marblehead garrison treacherously received in the North sea canal—Gold reserve took another jump—One of the next extensions of civil service reform likely to be the steamboat inspection department—Miss Willard spoke of dead

John J.

## Flint's Fine Furniture.



## JUNE WEDDINGS

Are at hand and quite apropos, is this Quadruple Plate Silver Cake Basket, at above,

\$3.00.

Warranted 2 years. Beautiful line of Silverware suitable for presents. We keep all the best standard goods at a lower price than elsewhere. "Take the cake at \$3.00."

## At FLINT'S, Broad &amp; Eddy Sts.

## Fine Shooting.

The drummer had finished an eloquent story about some fine shooting of the human variety, when a grizzled old fellow in the corner of the smoker roused up from what the gang thought was a sound sleep, and began to splutter.

"Seems to me," he spluttered at the crowd watching him curiously, "that I know something about the tale that you guys was tellin'. I was one of the men in that scrap"—the drummer man fairly gagged, for he knew the old chap was on to him—"but it ain't a mark to come fine shooting that come under my notice, once out in Bill's Gulch, when civilization was turbin' summertime in that neighborhood about two years ago. There was two fellers there that was handles with their guns than any two I ever seen. They knew about each other but it happened that they hadn't never run across each other and the folks knew somethin' was goin' to happen when they did."

"Well, of course, they couldn't stay apart forever, and one mornin' they went in Doc Dink's saloon. One was standin' at the end of the bar when the other lined up next to the door, and there was a string of them standin' in between. But we didn't stand there long because we knew what was goin' to happen, and that's mighty quick, and we foll back again, the wall leavin' the two shooters facin' each other about twelve feet apart. They didn't say any talkin' for that wasn't what they were there for, but in almost two slams of a saloon door they drawn. In them kind of cases a man shoots quick, but before they could pull, the bar tender threw up his hands and jumped in between.

"That sort of stopped it, and while they stood with their guns ready, he begged 'em to do the thing right and shoot at the word. He said that was the way gentlemen did and of course, if anybody had said either one of them were not gentlemen, there would have been a funeral that same afternoon. Lookin' at it this way they chose to shoot it out right there and chose me to do the callin'." So I says that they were to fire when I give the word and not before on the pain of the whole crowd shootin' the man full of holes that did, and they began operations under them bylaws.

"They drew and sighted slow, and when I gave the word they banged away and neither one of them fell. That was kind of surprise, but it just wasn't any of my business. If they couldn't shoot no better than that, and I called time and started again. The next shot was the same and they kept it up until both guns were empty and neither one had been hit, and then the crowd set up a yell and wanted to take 'em both out and lynch 'em for shootin' no better, and I kinda felt that way myself. But while he was a talkin' I happened to look down on the floor between the shooters and there I saw something that took my breath away mighty high, and all I could do was to point it to the crowd to see. They see it in a minute and that settled the whole business, and anything them shooters wanted in that town was thinnin' for the askin'."

"The old chap had evidently concluded his story or was waiting for the climax, for he didn't speak further. At last the drummer ventured the inquiry,

"What was on the floor?" he inquired nervously.

"Oh!" exclaimed the old fellow, recovering himself. "Why, gentle, it was 12 bullet-piled up there stuck together in pairs. Every shot them two fellers had fired had been so close together and so true that they met each other half way between them and fell to the floor all of them in a circle not above a foot wide."

Then this old man curled himself in the corner again and the drummer gazed at him in petrified admiration.

Ex-Inspector of Police Sentenced.

NEW YORK, June 20.—Judge Barrett sentenced ex-Inspector McLaughlin to two years and six months in state prison.

Judge Barrett, by sentencing McLaughlin to state prison, deprived him also of his position as inspector of police, so that he could not be a member of the Grand Army of Boston stating that Crowley was a worthless fellow and that he was spending his pension on drink.

Veterans in a Fatal Quarrel.

CANTON, Mass., June 20.—Jeremiah Crowley died yesterday from the effects of injuries received in a fight Tuesday evening with Illa Johnson. Both are members of post 94, Grand Army of Canton.

It is claimed that Johnson had written to the headquarters of the Grand Army of Boston stating that Crowley was a worthless fellow and that he was spending his pension on drink.

When Man is at His Best.

Between what ages is a young man generally considered to be at his best mentally, and when his commercial value is at its highest?

When he is a young man in every sense of the word; not before or after; that is between the ages of 30 and 45.

Whatever success in life he hopes for must be made during that period. He is capable, then, of his best work, and of securing the highest value for his work. Between those years, in other words, he must "make himself"—and further than that, he must not spend all that he earns, but lay aside a goodly portion of his earnings, too.

It is a cruel but a hard fact that the business world has very little use for what are termed old men nowadays, and in these times of hard competitive strife a man is judged to be very early from the hard commercial point of view. He may not regard himself as being old, but he is longer considered to be in the "race" with the younger men, who naturally have quicker perceptions and whose sense of alertness is necessarily keener.

The most successful man at 40 is very often the man who is quietly pushed aside at 60.

If young men earning good incomes between 20 and 40 would look a little ahead and consider the inevitable fact that as they grow older their value is very apt to lessen in a commercial sense, they would save themselves much after humiliations and sorrowful retrospection.

It is hard for a young man at 35, in the full flush and vigor of manhood to realize that a time will come when others as clever as himself and a bit cleverer, will pass him by, but the cold fact exists nevertheless, and he is wise, who, at his prime, thinks of time which is almost sure to come to every man who lives.

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**Poetry.**

The Old Barn.

By KATHLEEN E. SOMERS.

You may talk about new-gangled plonies,  
In the woods and along by the sea;  
But the old-fashioned barn, with its doors open  
And the winds that go rolling round it inside,  
And the winter of swallow farm in the eave,  
Drilling like a sough from the spring-time,  
Is good enough for me.

Take a soft April day with the clouds low and down,  
First softpling of rain, then a dashing of sun,  
Then the heat of the sun, then the farming mill's roar,  
Or the horses a-threshing out grain on the floor.

The bees clucking round in the loft overhead,  
The children laughing, the dogs that wait,  
A dog barking and calling outside of the gate.

Such a feeling of shelter and comfort comes  
then.

My barn seems a palace, I king among men,  
Take the hour of rest in a warm, sunny noon,

And the scent of the hay that drifts in with the June.

And the children at play, swinging up to the

Or swinging in hay with their jubilant screams,  
And the song of the birds in the orchard hard by,

Or the twilight perhaps of a day in July,

When the wagons roll over the bridges once more,  
And topse their bunches of gold on the floor,

And a cool breeze springs up in the west's rosy sea.

My rest in the barn is the sweetest to me,

Take a cool day in autumn, all golden and brown,

The maple in crimson, the leaves falling down,

The birds in flight, the trees through which powdered

the air,

The apples all ripe, and the cider to make,

The earth from the cellar, like odes of sweet,

Turnips and carrots, and carrots and beets;

Such pumpkins and squashes and ciron, you feel

You taste the preserves and the rich candied sweets;

God's gift to such plenty; the men tell a yarn;

But I have my Thanksgiving hero out in the barn.

Take a day about Christmas, with plenty of snow,

Old horses whirling it like frost and fro,

The sleds, the reindeer, a jew each one,

The trees all decked out with frost, like a crown,

The sheep and the horses and cattle maybe,

All bleating and whinnying, calling to me,

I toss down the fodder, in chores I don't,

There's Christmas tree up in my parlor too,

But I think of the oxen in Bethlehem's stall,

My Christmas is best in the barn after all,

In summer or winter, wherever it may be,

My old ramshorn barn is my palace to me.

**Selected Tale.****UNCLE HIRAM'S MONEY.**

Everybody called them Uncle Hiram and Aunt Sarah. They lived on the outskirts of the village in a little white cottage standing back quite a distance from the road. As you passed up the trim walk your eye rested upon a blaze of old fashioned flowers. Hollyhocks, four o'clocks, sweet peas, and mignonette, roses and honeysuckle ran riot over the house, each striving for the mastery. If you passed round to the plot in the rear, you would see a little garden laid out most artistically.

Uncle Hiram prided himself on his garden. His strawberries were always the finest, his lettuce the crispest, and his pumpkins the most golden ever grown. The minister's Thanksgiving pies were always made from Uncle Hiram's pumpkins. His garden was his chief delight and pastime. In it was a balm for the greatest trial of his life, namely, Aunt Sarah. She was a little woman, with a plump figure and snapping black eyes. In her youth she had been quite a beauty. Uncle Hiram had been her slave ever since the days when he used to accompany her to the picnic and husking bees of the neighborhood. They had been married for thirty-five years now, but Aunt Sarah's eyes had lost none of their brightness, and her tongue grew sharper from constant use.

Poor Uncle Hiram was a miserable man. Easy going and good natured, he listened to her scolding without a word. He never "sassed back," as he called it. The only thing that prospered from the whole proceeding was the garden. No wonder the weeds were not permitted to grow in it! Uncle Hiram always worked off his irritable feelings in that little plot of ground. It was his refuge and retreat, when Aunt Sarah made him uncomfortable in the house.

Why in the world she should scold so much nobody could understand. Uncle Hiram was the kindest and best of men. Her basket always stood full of kindlings. Her wooden box was never empty, and she never knew what it was to come down into a cold kitchen. A bright fire always greeted her cheerily. Yet scold she did, and that continually.

She was a notable housewife, however. Her floor was "white enough to eat off of," the neighbors used to say. Her bread and cakes were delicious and nobody could equal her in making apple butter. Uncle Hiram never suffered from poor cooking, however great his other ills were; she gave him no peace. She thought a great deal of him in her way, and when he was sick nursed him tenderly, but no sooner was he on the road to recovery than the old scolding recommenced.

They had three children, but they were all married and settled in homes of their own. Susan, the youngest, and the only daughter, lived in the adjoining village ten miles away. The two sons, John and Lewis, were in business for themselves in the city.

"But good boys," Uncle Hiram would always say, "and kind to us; but seems as though Susan was the nippiest."

There was no question but Susan was her father's favorite, and right valiantly did she defend him against the onslaughts of her mother's tongue; but Aunt Sarah, when fairly started, could do no more stopped than the wind.

"Not her he! Let her be!" Uncle Hiram would interpose mildly. "I guess you can stand it if I can, Sue."

But now Susan was married, and Uncle Hiram had no one to defend him.

This luckless afternoon of which I write has resolved to gather some wild plums. How pretty the little cottage looked, with the afternoon sun shining on it! The apple trees hung heavy with their rose fruit, and the flowers looked as gorgeous as if to Jack Frost lurked in the background waiting to nip their full growth beauty. The trees were beginning to put on their brilliant colors before the chill winds of autumn deprived them of their foliage. Uncle Hiram gave a quiet sigh of satisfaction as he gazed around upon his domain. How happy he could be only.

"Hiram," called out Aunt Sarah in her sharp voice, "Be ye ever going to get started? Of all the slow-goin' lads, why old men I ever saw, you certainly take the cake. Here you be, leaning on that old gate, lookin' round at goodness knows what, and the sunгин' lower every minute! I suppose you think them plums will walk right off the bushes and come to ye!"

Uncle Hiram made no reply. His only safety lay in flight; so hastily putting the buckets in the buggy, he drove off.

"Hiram," called Aunt Sarah, the last thing, "be careful of my bugs!"

Uncle Hiram groaned; that buggy was the bane of his life. John had

made his mother a present of it on one of his visits home. It certainly was a fine buggy, but had been burdened to death ever since. When he and Aunt Sarah drove out together, she watched the road as a cat watches a mouse, and if he happened to hit a stone, whoa! beat him! If it cracked, she scolded him again; this afternoon Uncle Hiram was quite content to drive alone.

The rich beauty and quiet peacefulness of the hour soothed his spirit, and he began to enjoy himself. Uncle Hiram was a good deal like a rubber ball. No amount of depression could quite depress him; his elasticity, and no sooner was he away from his tormentor than his spirits rebounded.

When he arrived at the field, he jumped to the ground with the alacrity of a boy. A whole host of young people were there before him, and he was received with pleasant words on every side. Uncle Hiram was a general favorite. Both old and young loved the kindly, gentle old man. It did not take long to catch the spirit of plumb gathering, but he was soon briskly at work and enjoying it. He had tied the horse to the edge of a ravine, where the plums grew thickest. Gay voices reached his ears. How pleasant all was! It brought back the days when he was young and life stretched before him in all its promise.

But his happy dreams were rudely interrupted. A party of young people horseback came galloping up. Their gay voices and shrill laughter started old Jerry, the horse, who had been placidly standing in the sunshade. Closer they came, their horses' hoofs flying over the ground. Jerry pricked up his ears, gave one frightened snort, and rushed merrily down the ravine, overturning the cherries, breaking the top completely off; then, as it satisfied with the mischief he had done, he stopped and looked inquiring at his master.

Poor Uncle Hiram! The bright beauty of the afternoon suddenly changed into deepest night for him. What would Aunt Sarah say? All at once he felt very old and cold. His hands trembled so that he could hardly lift the buckets into the buggy. The thing to do was to go home and tell how the accident happened. There lay the handcart, a complete wreck, and two spokes were broken in the wheel. He shivered at the prospect before him.

A very dejected looking old man was Uncle Hiram as he drove home that evening. Aunt Sarah's sharp eyes saw him as he turned in at the lane, with old Jerry walking weakly before the topless buggy, and the wheel minus two spokes.

"Hiram, Gardiner!" she fairly shrieked, "what have you been doing to my buggy?"

Uncle Hiram tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. It seemed to him as if his wife's eyes actually flashed fire. Hiram never saw her so angry. He managed to tell her how the accident happened, but nothing could stem the torrent of her wrath. She blamed him for it all; she scolded him as his old support, she followed him into the yard, and scolded him as he did his evening work, she scolded him as he sat smoking in his big arm chair. But in Uncle Hiram's mind a resolve was slowly being formed. The weakest and most long suffering worm will turn and in his briefest righteous indignation was shoulder. He had been reproached more than sufficiently for something he could not help; so, as Aunt Sarah's sharp tongue lashed him keener and keener, a settled determination took possession of him. He rose and slowly knocked the ash from his pipe. The old-fashioned clock pointed to half-past nine, but he put on his hat and took his cane from the corner. Aunt Sarah stopped scolding and looked at him in amazement. Hiram was going out! He never left home in the evening.

"Sarah," he began, his voice pitched a little higher than usual in its strained intensity, "Sarah, for thirty-five years I've been a good husband to you. I've never git that over you, I reckon I've always been a good provider, leastwise, I've always tried to do my duty; but I can't stand your ways any longer, Sarah, and that's a fact. We can't seem to pull together, so I guess I'll go and stay with Susan, her spell. She always thought a heap of her old dad. Maybe—his voice shook a little—"maybe you'll be happier when I'm gone."

Aunt Sarah fairly gasped with astonishment. Was this determined-looking old man her Andy Hiram? He walked quietly out of the room; she heard the outside door close. There stood his empty chair. Yes, he was really gone—gone to walk that lonely ten miles in the dark, and he was getting old, too.

Aunt Sarah felt frightened. Her husband had a large share of her affection. The habit of scolding had grown almost imperceptible with her years, until it had become chronic, and she did not realize how obnoxious she was in consequence.

She came down stairs the next morning to a dreary kitchen. No bright fire and bubbling tea kettle greeted her. As she kindled the fire and brought in a fresh pail of water, she acknowledged that she missed Uncle Hiram; and when she milked old Bridie and fed the chickens, she wondered if she had quite appreciated him. How lonely the breakfast table looked as she sat down to it. The food almost choked her; there was no kind, benignant face opposite her, no willing hand to give her the service she had so long accepted as her right. How she did miss him!

Aunt Sarah bore it all that day and the next. By the third morning remorse had her in its grasp. The loneliness of the house oppressed her; she could settle to nothing. Everything seemed to miss Uncle Hiram. Even the chickens seemed to droop. The only thing to do was to go to Susan and beg him to come home, but would he come? Perhaps—her cheek paled at the thought—perhaps he would not.

This story was told to a funny man, who told this: "I went down to Washington a few years ago, and just before quitting the train I handed the porter of the car in which I traveled a \$2 bill and I have never seen it since."

There is a bill floating about the country on the back of which is a prescription written by a reputable physician several years ago. It is a "sure cure" for the grip, and was put up in a glass bottle. It is said that this prescription is sufficient to give a net increase in the population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls—San Francisco Examiner.

Father—Fritz, you saw last evening helping home an intoxicated student. Don't do it again; it makes a bad impression.

Fritz—Oh, that's all right. I only did it to get even with him.—Pfleiderer Blaster.

Father—It is a good idea to have a good example to follow.

Uncle Hiram bore it all that day and the next. By the third morning remorse had her in its grasp. The loneliness of the house oppressed her; she could settle to nothing. Everything seemed to miss Uncle Hiram. Even the chickens seemed to droop. The only thing to do was to go to Susan and beg him to come home, but would he come? Perhaps—her cheek paled at the thought—perhaps he would not.

When Aunt Sarah decided to do a thing, she did it. She was essentially a woman of action. So the three o'clock train to Kirbyville, where Susan lived, found her waiting for it as it steamed into the little station. A few looked curiously at her as she boarded the train, but Aunt Sarah could bear a good deal of scrutiny. Her black dress was neatly-trimmed, and the black bouquet resting on her gray hair was decidedly becoming. No one, glancing at her plump figure and bright eyes, would imagine she was such a scold.

She left the train at Kirbyville, and walked slowly up to Susan's house. Uncle Hiram and his daughter were not in the yard, neither was she. She could hear Susan's clear voice as she approached the gate. The bright looks and the gay mingled together together. How loud they were of each other, those two! It had been a great grief to Uncle Hiram when Susan married, but he was too unselfish to bear his girl's happiness by a word. He always thought of others before he thought of himself.

"How do you know?" asked the bright little widow.

"Because," and the solemn man said, "there are flowers on the table and ice on the butter."—Hotel Re-

porter.

Artistic Beauty and Permanence are the desirable qualities combined in our

"Mezzo-Tints."

We have a large collection on exhibition at the studio, and invite you to call and sit there.

Particular attention paid to Children's Portraits.

F. H. CHILD.

442 THAMES STREET.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Old Zinfandel, at 70 cts. gallon.  
Riesling and Hock, at 75 cts. gallon.  
Full line of Fine Liqueurs.

ERNST VOIGT,  
539 Thames Street.

Mail Order and Ale.

1-19

# LORILLARD'S SENSATION Cut' Plug

is away ahead for flavor, fragrance and substance. Try it.

## Household Fancy Work.

### EMBROIDERED BEDSPREADS.

That decorative artists are making such use of the work of the needle, and have exercised so much taste and skill in devising new fabrics and designs, such as challenge the dexterity of the adept embroiderer to successfully finish, is an indication of the real value of this form of handicraft. Feeling the impetus of the movement, manufacturers are now producing a large variety of exquisite shades, which affect the eye as much as the ear. The palette of the decorator can show hardly more subtle and delicate gradations than are found upon a choice piece of embroidery.

Silk-faced terry is a rich-looking fabric which comes wide enough for a bedspread. One in cream white or ceru is embroidered by simply running medieval silk back and forth through the honey-comb-like thread of the terry. The work is a simple, lace-like design, and the material employed for decoration is lovely soft, green, medieval silk. Cross-hatch and foliate work might easily be applied to the silk terry, and the effect would be charming, indeed.

Linen makes very pretty spreads, too, and when wrought with Asiatic rope silks or medieval silks, these are certainly very lovely.

Silk chintz is most beautiful fabric, and is made in all the leading shades. It is woven in small counterpane figures, and comes in different widths, one of which is wide enough for a bedspread. They make up elegant draperies for beds, and are easily worth all the labor of making them up. One in pure white is embroidered with morocco glasses in shades of blue. The flowers are wrought with Asiatic twisted emroidery silk in outline, and filled in with Roman floss in the rest morning glory shades. A graceful cluster is placed in the center of the spread, with vines and creeping tendrils reaching out in a grace that is natural. The corners have loose clusters, or vines, trailing away in grace and beauty. The exquisite beauty and conception of this spread needs to be seen to be fully appreciated. Another spread not a whit less beautiful is wrought with purple passion-flowers. These trail their lovely length over the spread in a most graceful manner, and are wrought with Asiatic rope silk of Boston or silk.

Another is a design of scarlet poppies, and these make a gorgeous spread upon the cream white background of the rich silk counterpane.

A spread in the shape of red and white clover, the work being done with Asiatic twisted emroidery silk, and the solid filling either with Roman floss. The clover leaves are wrought in soft shades of green that harmonize beautifully with the soft old rose material, bundles of four-leaved clover run riot in the corners.

A Wise Young Man.

That was a very wise Cambridge student of whom the London store tellers were talking some time ago. One of his college friends staid him himself without funds went to this Solomon of students to borrow. He found him in bed. Seizing him by the shoulder he shook him.

"I say," he said, "are you asleep?"

"Why do you ask?" queried the other, sleepy.

"I want to borrow a sovereign."

"Yes," said the other, turning over and closing his eyes,

## Miscellaneous.

**R. W. CURRY,**  
Contractor & Builder.

## JOBMING

Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates.  
Estimates given on all work when desired.

CARPENTER SHOP—11 MILL STREET,  
RESIDENCE—HOFFMAN PLACE.

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co.

OF EAST BERLIN, CONN.

—Can Sell You a—

GOOD IRON OR STEEL ROOF,

For \$2.10 per Sq. foot.

Write for Particulars.

## HERBS.

All kinds of herbs in general use are kept on sale at the

**Enterprise Store,**

No. 64 Thames St.,

In quantities from one ounce upwards, so any not in stock will be procured at short notice.

N. B.—These have been selected with great care by experienced herbologists, and all are warranted.

R. W. PEARSON.

**John B. DeBlois & Son,**

Broadway Market.

## MEATS

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